

A BRIDE WHO COST JUST \$3,000,000.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Stern Parent, (Multimillionaire New Yorker)..... Mr. M. D. C. Borden
"Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do."
—AS YOU LIKE IT, III, 1.
His Son (Who has been disinherited for marrying a poor girl)..... Mr. Matthew S. Borden
"Why, man, she is my own; and I as rich in having such a jewel, as twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl, the water, nectar, and the rocks pure gold."
—TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, II, 4.
The Girl (Pretty daughter of poor New Haven tailor)..... Miss Mildred Negbauer
"My lover, more noble than the world, prizes not quantity of dirty lands."
—TWELFTH NIGHT, II, 4.
The Girl's Father (Tailor to Yale College boys)..... Mr. Julius Negbauer
"He says he loves my daughter; I think so too; for never gazed the moon upon the water, as he'll gaze and read, as 'twere, my daughter's eyes."
—WINTER'S TALE, IV, 3.

SCENES:

The little tailor shop at Yale College; the millionaire mill owner's New York residence; the cotton magnate's steam yacht Sovereign and the lovers' humble cottage in New Haven.

TIME—LAST WEEK.

A Love Romance in Real Life.

Wherein the Son of a New York Multimillionaire Is Disinherited for Marrying a Poor Tailor's Daughter.

—BY—
Marie St. Felix,
The Novelist.

CHAPTER I. The Tailor's Daughter.

SHE was just five days old when her future was foretold. "She will have a life of adventure," said the prophetess; "she will take grave chances—but she won't come to any harm. Yes—see risks she'll run—she's one that likes to leap, ma'am; but don't worry about the little lass—she's safe to land in luck, every time." And, indeed, a life of adventure might well be predicted, for it was a very exciting day in the Negbauer home, this fifth of little Mildred's existence. A defective flue had taken this particular day to show its character in the home of the Negbauers' neighbors across the way. First a little puff of blue smoke crept cautiously through the boards, and then a tongue of flame leaped after it, and soon the entire structure was crinkling and crackling, while small, venomous sparks shot across the way to neighbor Negbauer's.

Poor Mamma Negbauer, weak and ill, lay quaking in her bed. It was hard to be burned alive, just after one had passed safely through the perils of childbirth. Of what avail was it to bring a beautiful baby into the world if both must be burned to a crisp? And then in had rushed the firemen and bundled Mamma Negbauer in blankets and bundled Baby Bunting into blankets, and carried them, very gently, down the street, out of danger.

To be sure, the baby caught cold, and Mamma Negbauer hovered between life and death for several days after; but no serious results could be counted from the baby's uncommonly early airing. She had thrown back her little head and laughed in the face of Jack Frost; and the snuffles he sent her, in revenge, she took very amiably.

In fact, Mildred Negbauer was an exceedingly amiable child—except when you crossed her. She had some very determined notions of her own, and it didn't seem to her that the notions of her elders were as excellent. In fact, she didn't mind a small battle to win a point, and very seldom did she surrender. But how could one expect a little woman who went a-journeing at the age of five days to accept the routine roads of life? If left to play in the yard, she was soon creeping through the gates; taken for a walk, she must be closely watched, or she would be scampering out of sight. What was the big world for but to explore? 1250

By and by she came to pinafores and school books, and small boys waited bashfully at the gate and took the book-strap from her. She was a favorite at school with both boys and girls, being always ready for a romp at recess, and not such a serious student as to oust any head pupil from his place in class.

So Mildred Negbauer grew into a tall, graceful girl, and was sent to the high school to finish her education. Bigger boys carried her books now and vied with one another to win her smiles, and as this story happens in the city of New Haven, where good old Yale has its home, and several hundred students take up the study of beauty in their freshman year, Miss Negbauer did not lack for admirers.

One of these young men, however, made a very fatal mistake one day—fatal for himself—for he brought to Mildred's home a fellow student who at once found such favor with her that all the

other boys were soon out of the running. She was not seventeen then, and her boy sweetheart less than twenty. "But they are old enough and big enough," said a gay little god, stringing his bow, for me to have a shot at, I think!" And no doubt he was right, and aimed his arrows well, for, as every one knows, Matthew Sterling Borden and Mildred Negbauer fell in love.

CHAPTER II. The College Student.

NOW there were reasons—nice, conventional reasons, why it wasn't the proper thing at all for Matthew Borden to fall in love with Mildred Negbauer. And is such a monstrous misfortune befell him, the only proper course was to fall out of love no less promptly than he fell in. There is all the difference in the world, you know, between linen sheets and cotton, between a china bowl and one of crockery, between a silver spoon, sterling, and one of nickel, silver-plated. To the former of these benefits had young Borden been born, and the latter had been Mildred Negbauer's position. Then, too, there is a vast way to travel between a millionaire manufacturer and a small retail tailor—and there was all that difference between the sire of Matthew Borden and Mildred Negbauer's parental parent.

Matthew Borden never thought of asking his father's consent to marrying Mildred. He knew he might as well go ask for the moon. However, he didn't care a playune for the moon and he cared the whole world for Mildred Negbauer—and have her he must. He told Mildred so in all the impassioned sentences that a lad of twenty can command, and Mildred answered something that doubled his pulse-beat, and the robin's roundelay, chirped overhead, changed into an anthem as he took her in his arms.

When the school year closed, some six months later, Mildred went to visit some friends of the family who lived in Brooklyn, and there Matthew Borden came to call. "It is no use," urged Matthew, "delaying our marriage; my father will never consent; but it seems

to me it is you and I who are to be considered. I love you—and you say you love me—how can anything else matter? And if, indeed, you love me as I love you, how can you refuse, dear, to give yourself to me? See the unhappiness you inflict, when I worry and long for you, dearest! I cannot study when I am constantly in fear of losing you. If once you were mine, I could acquit myself creditably in college; but now I simply mope and drone."

Mildred was a woman, with a woman's heart—a heart that was all Matthew Borden's. She put on a little blue silk frock and they went out for a little walk—and the walk ended with Christ Church, where the Rev. Dr. Kinsolving joined their right hands and made them one—one until death did part them.

Then Mildred Borden went back to her friends and her husband to his home. They corresponded, and in the Fall Matthew Borden came back to Yale. And the gossip said he was very devoted to Mildred Negbauer, and since gossip flies like a feather, it was not long before Matthew Borden's parents heard of their son's devotion to the tailor's daughter.

Now, when a boy isn't of age, his father has the ordering of his ways, and it did not in the least please Millionaire Borden that his son should pay court to a maid of low degree. He sent, post haste, the family adviser—young Borden's godfather—to advise his son as to what was fitting; and you can figure to yourself the consternation of this well-intentioned man when his godson communicated to him that it was a little late in the day to interfere. "We are married, you see," he complacently explained, "and, although we have never lived together, she is mine, and nothing can induce me to give her up."

Mr. Sterling hurried back to New York, and there were indignation and lamentation in the Borden mansion that night. Clearly something must be done. It was mere boyish infatuation, of course,

and, obviously, separation might be trusted to mend the matter. The boy must be sent away—but where, and how? Consultation lasted far into the night, but by morning young Borden's fate was settled. He was to go abroad, and a professor of Yale must be induced to accompany him, so he might continue his studies and take his degrees quite the same as though he continued in college. He was to travel wherever he wished—so long as he kept out of America. He was to have everything he wanted—the bills to be sent to the professor. At all cost he must be cured of his wretched infatuation!

Professor Tracy Peck undertook the task of tutor to young Borden, and preparations for the tour began.

The separation between the young couple was pathetic in the extreme. "I go," said Matthew, "since my father can exact my obedience until I am twenty-one; but I swear to you, Mildred, by the honor of my mother, that I will return. The whole world may lie between us, but my thoughts will be with you always. Do not grieve; but I beg you be faithful. I cannot write you, for I have given my promise to hold no communication with you at all, but I will come back to you, dear, loving you just as I do to-day. My father thinks the marriage illegal, since we are both under age; he may have the marriage annulled or desire you to apply for divorce. I do not advise you in that case. Do as seems to you best. But be very sure, my pet, that nothing can separate us. If the marriage is broken I will marry you again. I am yours for all time, and I believe in you, Mildred—I believe you will wait."

"I will wait," she answered with white lips. "Good-by." They found her in a poor little heap by the door when he had gone. For ten minutes she was blissfully unconscious. Then she woke to face reality, to fight despair, to entreat Hope.

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